

TURKS CAPTURE STRANDED SUBMARINE IN THE DARDANELLES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SINGAPORE RIOT: WOMEN AND CHILDREN SEEK REFUGE ON A STEAMER.



Women who were taken on board the Nile when the rioting began. Ships were not the only refuge, many seeking safety in an old prison.



Dancing on the deck.



Native nurse attending to a refugee baby on board the Nile.



Small boy who wept.

Prompt measures were taken to ensure the safety of the women and children when the riot occurred at Singapore. The men concerned were a portion of the 5th Light Infantry, who "ran amok," and the cause of the outbreak was due to dissatisfaction

concerning promotions in an Indian regiment. It was promptly quelled by local forces, assisted by landing parties from British and Allied ships, though not without loss of life. In all, some thirty Europeans, military and civilian, were killed.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W

We have bought at an extraordinarily low price

The ENTIRE STOCK of Beautiful FUR MODELS

Messrs FELBER & Co
Wholesale Manufacturing Furriers
38 Great Portland St., Oxford Circus, W.

A more charming lot of New Models has seldom been offered at Clearance Prices. Practically all the goods were in process of manufacture for next season's trade—now on show in windows.

Ask for
FUR Dept.
on
Ground Floor



A charmingly chic interpretation of the Russian Cossack Coat, carried out in natural Musquash skins of particularly fine soft dark colour. Ordinary price 14 gns. Sale Price 8 gns.



A Black Russian Pony-skin Coat of exceptionally beautiful conception. The border, cuffs and collar are of real Skunk. The graceful lines of this model are enhanced by the extremely fine quality of the light-weight soft and unusually silky skins. Ordinary price 15 gns. Sale Price 8 gns.



An ultra smart shape on the lines of the French Staff Officers' Coat. Carried out in Seal Coney, with collar of natural Musquash; the bloom and silky suppleness of the skins denotes a quality of particular reliability. Ordinary price 10 gns. Sale Price 6 gns.



A superbly rich quality Black Wolf Stole in a style which is the exclusive vogue of the moment, in lustrous soft silky skins. Ordinary price 4 gns. Sale Price 29/6
Huge 2-skin Muff, as illustration, reduced to 59/6. Or large 1-skin Muff, reduced to 29/6.



A luxurious Coat in fine quality dark natural Musquash, cut very full, with roll or Napoleon collar, lined soft silk. One of the merits of this superb garment is its wonderful lightness. Ordinary price 10 gns. Reduced to 6 gns.



A superb Model in Seal the softest and lightest. Skins, with wide border and (undyed) Black garment carried out on luxurious lines. Ordinary price 39 gns. Sale Price 29 gns.

A few items we cannot illustrate are enumerated here.

4 Feather-weight model Coats in finest, lightest and richest quality Russian Black Pony. The quality of these soft skins we particularly wish to impress is of a grade approaching Black Broadtail, the markings are so very beautiful. Cut very full, with an enormous yet luxuriously elegant collar of silky Black Wolf. Ordinary price 21 gns. **10 gns.**

To be sold at (each)

4 Grey Squirrel Coats, 52in. long, lined silk. Reduced from 18 gns. to **5 gns.**

7 magnificent wide, straight Stoles, in natural Musquash, of exceptionally soft skins. 80in. long, 12in. wide. Ordinary price 39/6. Sale Price **5 gns.**

15 Particularly Fine Coats in Black Caracul, very light in weight and in various new shapes. Reduced in price: **£2** from 8, 10 and 12 gns. to (each)

In Lot 17 there are 19 magnificent model Coats, including original combinations of moleskin and Seal Musquash, priced **59 gns.**; also darkest Grey Squirrel Coat of wonderful workmanship, with huge collar composed of two skins of Black and two skins of White Fox, priced **55 gns.**; also a Driving Coat in Golden Beaver Nutria, priced **49 gns.**; also Caracul and Ermine Combination Model priced **49 gns.**

All this lot will be cleared at one price **25 gns.**

Enormously large soft Pillow Muff. Reduced from **41 gns.** to **39/6**

9 medium length Coats in natural Musquash fine picked skins, Raglan sleeves, lined Silk. Reduced from **7 gns.** to **4 gns.**

THESE GOODS ARE NOW ON SHOW IN WINDOWS

THEY WOULDN'T GO INTO THEIR CELLARS.

9-11914 H



Watching a Taube flying over Calais. The inhabitants have been advised to seek refuge in their cellars on the appearance of enemy aircraft, but, instead of doing so, rush into the streets. They are not in the least scared by "frightfulness," but are very interested in the aerial visitors.

GIRL BUTCHER.

9-988



Every day women are taking up positions which in times of peace were exclusively occupied by men. This is another instance.

MARINE BLUE COSTUME.

9-14925



A smart costume of marine blue, with dull hammered metal buttons. (Creation Derry and Toms, photograph Pierre.)

KILLED IN ACTION.

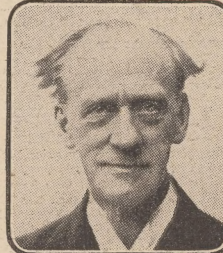
9-14925



Corporal J. Smith, who has been killed in action. He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal last January.

HELPED BY "ZEP."

9-14925



The Rev. W. J. Ogden, who was given a fine text for his recruiting speech at Blyth by the appearance of a gasbag.

TWO MILITARY FAMILIES.

9-14925



Lieutenant Cunynghame-Robertson and his bride (Miss Ethel Drew). Both are descendants of officers who fought in days gone by.

HORSE CARRIES TELEPHONE.

9-5664 A



Royal Engineers doing field telephone work on Salisbury Plain. The apparatus is carried on the back of a horse.

DINNER-TIME ON A TROOPSHIP.

9-941 C



This picture was taken on board a French transport and shows the soldiers having their dinner on deck. The sea air made everyone hungry.

ENGLISH SONG ON CAPTIVES' LIPS.

"We All Go the Same Way Home"
Chanted by German Prisoners.

FROM NEUVE CHAPELLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

FREMLEY (Surrey), April 18.—Some 400 German captives from Neuve Chapelle, who arrived here the other day, gave a tremendous surprise to the crowd that assembled to see them march to their place of internment near here.

When, after leaving the train, they had formed up and were ordered to "quick march," they began to sing, not a national air like "The Watch on the Rhine," but an English ditty, "We All Go the Same Way Home."

A significant change of attitude towards the German prisoners is being manifested by the public here.

When batches of captives were brought into this neighbourhood last November they were regaled with chocolates, cigarettes, biscuits and other luxuries.

There were none of these nice little gifts for the 400 blue-coated prisoners from Neuve Chapelle, who were marched into their tented cantonment the other day.

On the contrary, they were received with caustic comments, marked by a rather rough and ready humour.

TOOK BANTER WELL.

On the whole the captives behaved well under a fire of chaff which met them.

The prisoners are of all ages, and come from various regiments. All bore traces of the horrors through which they had passed at the front. They brought with them innumerable parcels, while some carried violin cases.

To the question: "From Neuve Chapelle?" one replied: "Yes, I do not want to think of it. It was hell."

"We had no chance in that carnage, it was so sudden, so unexpected. That half-hour seemed like days."

"As for your infantry, it was only their superciliousness, born of negligence of danger, that could have made them be full, I can assure you."

"I hear we caused you many killed and wounded, but our finest corps was annihilated. Our machine-guns will be full, I can assure you."

Walking to the rear of the column to take a photograph, I received a surprise. Somebody in the ranks addressed me:—

"What ho, *Daily Mirror*! How goes the *Sunday Pictorial*? Got any copies on you?"

I looked hard at the man. Then I remembered him. This German prisoner was once a waiter at an Aldershot hotel.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

French Heiress Weds Heroic Young Farmer
Blinded by Shell Splinter.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, April 18.—One of the most touching romances of the war has just become known. A few days ago a luxurious motor-car stopped before a restaurant in a town in the Midi, and a beautiful young woman stepped out.

She gave the car to a blind young man decorated with the Military Medal and helped him to descend. They were a newly-married couple on their honeymoon.

Long before the war broke out they had fallen in love with one another, but the girl's father told his daughter that she could never marry a man so poor.

The bride is the daughter of a wealthy squire in the south of France. The young man is the son of a farmer on his estate.

When the war broke out the young farmer went to the front as a sergeant.

At the battle of the Marne he bore himself with such bravery that he was mentioned in despatches. Next day he was struck by a splinter of a German shell, and after four months in hospital he returned home with the Military Medal, but blind.

On learning of the awful misfortune which had overtaken her lover, the girl went to her father and asked him if he still refused his consent to their marriage.

The father said "No," and added that he would be proud to have him as son-in-law. The wedding took place a few days later.

WOMEN TO CRY "ROYAL OAK!"

The name of Royal Oak Station on the Great Western Railway is now called out by women who in order to release men for Army service are doing the work of porters and ticket collectors.

They call out the name of the station on the arrival of trains, close carriage doors, see to the prompt dispatch of trains, answer passengers' queries, keep the platform tidy and collect tickets.

For this the women receive the same pay as men beginners on the Great Western Railway. The porters are paid a commencing wage of 16s. and the ticket-collectors 21s., and they are encouraged with the prospect of increases and promotion if they prove efficient workers.

One of the women porters is a young widow who lost her husband at the front in the early days of the war. She came to London from Leeds to become a railway porter.

Prince Arthur of Connaught arrived in Paris on Friday to hand the insignia of the Order of St. Michael and St. George to General Manoury, the hero of the battle of the Ourcq.

"BRIGHTON ALREADY!"

Reader of "Sunday Pictorial" Who
Couldn't Believe Journey Was Over.

PAPER THAT SHORTENS HOURS

"This surely cannot be Brighton already!"
"Yes, it is."
"Good gracious! How short the journey seems to-day!"

Such was the conversation overheard in a Pullman compartment yesterday as the eleven o'clock train from Victoria steamed slowly into Brighton Station.

The traveller who expressed surprise at the apparently unusual shortness of the journey was a daintily-dressed woman, and it was the *Sunday Pictorial* which made the time pass so swiftly.

All through the journey her eyes were fixed upon the pages of this fascinating paper.

There were thousands of people whose railway journey yesterday was made the pleasanter by the purchase of the *Sunday Pictorial*. It is an ideal paper for the Sunday traveller. But it is an equally ideal paper for the home.

In family circles it has become such a favourite that three, and even four, copies are bought for the same household.

The explanation is that father, mother, brothers and sisters all want to read the *Sunday Pictorial* at the same time, and the purchase of several copies is, consequently, necessary if disputes—and even high words—are to be avoided.

The popularity of the *Sunday Pictorial* yesterday was greater than ever, and the public demand for the paper placed the severest tax on the printing and publishing departments.

It was a splendid number—the best, perhaps, the Editor of this wonderful paper has yet produced—but next Sunday's number will be even better.

A BOER IN SCOTS GUARDS

Patriot Whose Two Loyal Brothers Were
Murdered by Germans.

A stirring story of a Boer farmer's splendid patriotism has reached *The Daily Mirror*.

Training with the Scots Guards at Catterham, Surrey, is a man of fine physique named David Derkier.

He was born in Cape Colony, and with brothers and relatives took part in many engagements against the British in the Boer War. In the years that followed the war his family became loyal to the British flag, and Derkier went to Buenos Ayres and took up sheep farming.

Shortly after the beginning of the present war his two brothers in German South-West Africa were ordered to join in the rebellion.

They steadfastly refused, and the Germans thereupon murdered both.

The shock of this double bereavement killed the mother of these two brave men, and it was to avenge their death that David Derkier set out from the Argentine to enlist in the British Army.

Now he is with his regiment at Caterham, anxiously waiting for the order which will take him into the fighting lines in France or Flanders.

BISHOP ON WAR BABIES PROBLEM.

The problem of war babies was mentioned yesterday by the Bishop of Carlisle in a sermon at St. John's Church, Carlisle.

He read the other day, he said, of a number of births that were likely to take place in this land. A considerable proportion of those about to become mothers were under sixteen years of age.

The Bishop said he was certain that the main cause of all this sorrow was found in the lack of home discipline and the carelessness of mothers and fathers in not looking after their children. He did not know anything more cruel to children than to allow them to do just as they liked. At all cost and in all circumstances children ought to be taught obedience.

APRIL FLIRTS WITH SUN.

Glorious Blue and Gold Day That
Lured World Out of Doors.

SMALL BOY "OFFICERS."

April is undoubtedly coquetting with the sun. May would have been very jealous if she could have seen April yesterday.

For many hours there were glorious blue skies and golden sunshine, and all who could spent their time out of doors, walking in the parks or, if they could get out of town, at the seaside or in the country.

Yesterday was the second Sunday of the "four night's recruiting campaign" in London, and meetings were held all over the metropolis. There were bands playing in all parts of London, and recruiting sergeants, with the gay red, blue and white ribbons fluttering from their caps, were to be seen everywhere.

The largest gathering of people yesterday morning was undoubtedly on the Horse Guards' Parade, where two military bands were playing selections until 1 p.m.

Never have the London parks been more crowded than they were yesterday. The "Row," as usual, was packed with people, the great majority of the men being in khaki.

A striking feature of the "parade" was the number of small boys wearing miniature officers' uniforms. The sailor suit or the Eton suit has been superseded by officers' khaki, while even the small girls were dressed, in many cases, like Red Cross nurses.

MURDER VERDICT.

Accused Girl Weeps During Father's Evidence at Inquest on Officer's Wife.

"Wilful murder against Alice Mary Wheatley."

That was the verdict returned by the jury late on Saturday night, when the inquest regarding the death of Mrs. Wootton, wife of Lieutenant Albert Wootton, of the Bedfordshire Regiment, was concluded at the Islington Coroner's Court.

Miss Wheatley, otherwise called Marie Lanteri, was in court in the charge of wardresses, for she is under remand on the charge of murder. She was committed on the coroner's warrant to take her trial at the Old Bailey.

She is a handsome, fair-haired woman, and she was wearing a long mantle of black fur and a black hat, trimmed with black ribbon and a black plume. Her eyes were red with tears, and while her father gave evidence she wept bitterly.

After further evidence accused was asked by the coroner if she desired to give evidence, and she replied that she did not wish to do so at that inquiry.

TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING.

THE HAGUE, April 18.—The Naval Department has received news that the Greek steamer *Ellipsontes*, which left Ymuiden yesterday for Montevideo, was torpedoed in the North Sea.—Huter.

Two torpedoes were discharged, says the Central News, without any previous warning. The first damaged the vessel so that she heeled over, the second practically tearing her in half. The *Ellipsontes* sank in a few minutes, but the crew of the Dutch pilot were rescued and taken to Flushing.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Generally fair to fine; some increase in temperature.

CHARGE THAT BROKE UP GERMAN GUARDS.

How the French Took "Yellow
Burnt Wood" from the Foe.

HAND GRENADE FIGHT.

A thrilling hand grenade fight with the German Guard, when the "Yellow Burnt Wood" was won by the French from the foe, is described by the French Eye-Witness.

The affair occurred last month, he says, according to a Renter Paris message, but, he adds, it is not too late to hark back as the action was a brilliant success.

Of the Bois Jaune Brulé there remains to-day neither trunks of trees nor branches nor the leaves.

Very cunningly constructed were the German defences in this wood, and there were labyrinths of trenches, wire entanglements and armoured dig-outs.

It was finally decided to attack the eastern side of the German position and to approach it by sapping to invest it, and then to carry the whole position by assault.

It was a splendid coup de main. A fortunate incident enabled the French to reach the trench.

One of our saps reached a German trench 300 yards long which was held by a detachment of infantry of the German Guard.

Surprised by our men, the detachment was almost annihilated by hand grenades. We only took three prisoners. Several of the trench, we debouched by a single stroke in the rear of the enemy. Two days later the final attack was delivered on the ridge to the north of the wood.

Three battalions of our infantry—one to the right, one to the left, and a third in reserve, jubilant at the idea of getting at the German Guard—leaped from their saps and charged.

DEFENDERS OVERWHELMED.

Rifles and bayonets were of little use, for they fought with grenades. The defenders of the German trench were overwhelmed. They succeeded in getting their machine guns away, but their trench was in our hands.

Then the battalion on the left advanced, and after a murderous encounter the broken enemy fell back and the retreat of the trench, we debouched by a single stroke in the rear of the enemy. Two days later the final attack was delivered on the ridge to the north of the wood.

With bayonets and grenades our infantry followed close on the heels of the enemy, and the fight lasted until 4 p.m.

At nightfall we reached the vicinity of the northern ridge. Several hundred German bodies, all of men belonging to the 3rd Regiment of Foot Guards, littered the ground.

A strong counter-attack by the enemy failed, and Bois Jaune Brulé was completely in our possession.

The French attack on the wood was carried out with magnificent dash.

Our troops were determined to "get their own back" on the German Guard for torturing the wounded. There exists a photograph of a wounded French soldier who was killed by having his skull smashed in by a German rifle.

WHY FOE CAN GET NO COTTON.

"A blockade stops all articles, whether they are contraband or not, and therefore the addition (of cotton to the list of contraband) would not have any practical consequence."

This statement occurs in an interesting letter sent by Sir John J. Simons, the Attorney-General, to the secretary of the Conference of Chemists and Engineers, who have questioned whether the Government's action is adequate to secure that cotton does not reach Germany or Austria.

The steps which are being taken under the authority of the Order in Council of March 11, he says, "are extremely effective to stop cotton from reaching Germany."

To imagine that since that date anything can be gained so far as stopping the entrance of cotton into Germany is concerned by calling it contraband is in effect to suppose that a blockade is rendered more effective if you add that specified contraband articles will not be allowed to break the blockade."

DEARER BREAD—AND WHY.

Bread is to be another 1d. per quarter loaf dearer from to-day, according to the announcement made by the London Master Bakers' Protection Society. The South Essex bakers have made a similar statement.

A London baker said that this increase is "absolutely necessary if the bakers are to get any profit at all nowadays."

A strike of bakers' operatives is threatened in London. A meeting of some 700 members of the Amalgamated Union yesterday passed a resolution empowering the committee to take the necessary action if the employers do not put into force the resolution of the joint committee recommending an increase of 3s. per week for all grades.

LIEUTENANT SHOT BY A SENTRY.

Lieutenant Roland Winch, of the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles, who, when motoring at Ramsgate, was shot by a sentry, died yesterday in Ramsgate Hospital.

With a party of Yeomany officers he was proceeding in a car along the sea front, when they were challenged by a sentry.

The car did not stop, and the sentry fired, the shot entering the back of the car and passing through the lieutenant's body. A military inquiry into the shooting will be held to-day.



German soldiers captured at Neuve Chapelle. They comprise the first batch to go under canvas for the summer, and are seen on their way to the tents near Aldershot.—(*"Daily Mirror"* photograph.)

BRITISH SUBMARINE RUNS ASHORE NEAR DARDANELLES MINEFIELD

Crew of the E 15 Reported To Have Been Taken Prisoners by Turks.

TORPEDO BOAT ATTACKS TRANSPORT.

Cruiser and Destroyer Chase Enemy Ship Ashore—Feared Loss of 100 Lives.

COMPLETE ROUT OF TURKISH FORCE IN PERSIAN GULF.

Once again all eyes are turned to the operations in the Dardanelles.

Two important official statements on recent developments have been issued during the week-end. The Admiralty stated yesterday that the British submarine E 15 ran ashore in the Dardanelles during difficult reconnaissance work, and the crew are reported captured by the Turks.

An official telegram from Constantinople to Amsterdam, quoted by Reuter, says the British submarine E 15 has been sunk in the Dardanelles east of Karanlik.

Three officers and twenty-one men of the crew of thirty-one have been rescued and captured. Among them is the former British Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles.

A Turkish torpedo-boat, it is announced by the Admiralty, has attacked the transport Manitou, carrying British troops, in the Egean Sea.

Though three torpedoes were fired, all missed their mark, and the torpedo-boat was chased ashore.

It is reported that about 100 men in the transport have been drowned. Full details of the affair are lacking.

TURKS CAPTURE BRITISH SUBMARINE.

Crew Reported Rescued from Craft That Ran Ashore in Dardanelles.

The following statement on the stranding of submarine E 15 was issued yesterday by the Admiralty:—

The British submarine E 15, while attempting the difficult reconnaissance of the Kepetz minefield in the Dardanelles yesterday, ran ashore on Kepetz Point.

According to an official communiqué published at Constantinople, the officers and men have been rescued and made prisoners.

TRANSPORT ATTACKED.

The following statement on a Turkish attack on a British transport was made on Saturday night by the Admiralty:—

The transport Manitou, carrying British troops, was attacked by a Turkish torpedo-boat in the Egean this (Saturday) morning. The Turkish boat fired three torpedoes, all of which missed.

The torpedo-boat then made off chased by a British cruiser (Minerva) and destroyers, and was finally run ashore and destroyed on the coast of Chios, in Kalamuti Bay. The crew have been made prisoners.

It is reported that about 100 men on board the transport have lost their lives through drowning, but full particulars have not yet been received.

SWAM ASHORE.

PARIS, April 18.—The *Matin* correspondent at Athens states that yesterday, about 4 p.m., a Turkish destroyer ran aground on the coast of Chio Island, near Kalamuti to escape the pursuit of English cruisers.

The Turkish vessel was coming from the south, probably from Smyrna, when it was sighted by the Allied squadron cruising off Smyrna. Thirty-three of the crew of the destroyer gained land by swimming several even taking their rifles with them.

A detachment of Greek soldiers from Chio dismantled the Turkish seamen, who will remain interned till the end of the war.—Exchange.

ROUT OF TURKS.

How a Turkish force has been routed in the Persian Gulf is described in the following statement issued on Saturday by the Secretary for India:—

The actions in the vicinity of Shaiba on the 13th and 14th have been crowned with complete success.

Old Basrah Zobeir, Barjisieh and Shwebda

are now clear of the enemy, who is retreating beyond Nakhailah.

In the action of the 14th we took over 200 prisoners and several machine guns.

In their hurried retreat the Turks abandoned large quantities of tents, equipment stores and ammunition, the latter amounting to 700,000 rounds of rifle and 450 boxes of gun ammunition, all of which are being either collected or destroyed.

AIR SQUADRON'S RAID.

PARIS, April 18.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

A German attack, prepared by a violent bombardment, was delivered by one battalion against our positions north-west of Orbey (Alsace). It was repulsed.

The enemy left numerous dead before our trenches. We took about forty prisoners.

A Belgian aviator brought down a German aeroplane near Roulers.

In the same region one of our air squadrons effectively bombarded an aviation ground.—Central News.

BRITISH BLOW UP HUNS.

AMSTERDAM, April 18.—The following official communiqué from the Great Army Headquarters is issued in Berlin to-day:—

South-east of Ypres the British last night, after blowing up our position north of the canal, entered it, but were immediately repulsed in a counter-attack.

The battle continues around the three craters occupied by the British.

In Champagne the French blew up a trench near the position conquered by us on the 16th inst., but without obtaining any advantage.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle only artillery fighting is reported.

In the Vosges we captured an advanced French position south-west of Stosswiesersattel.

South-west of Metzeler we withdrew our advanced posts before the superior forces of the enemy.—Reuter.

MYTHICAL BATTLE IN THE NORTH SEA.

Rumours That There Was an Action There This Month Are Entirely Baseless.

The *Daily Mirror* has excellent reason for stating that the persistent and widespread reports of a naval battle in the North Sea are entirely baseless.

There has been no naval action of any kind in the North Sea during the last month.

Nor has there been any action in the Dardanelles other than local bombardment and reconnaissance by single ships.

Since the 18th of last month up to the present moment there have only been two or three men hit at the Dardanelles, and no loss or injury to French or British ships.

The details of the incident between a Turkish destroyer and a transport were published on Saturday, and the loss of submarine E 15 to-day.

WHAT THE KAISER WANTS.

PORTLAND (Maine), April 17.—The free use of the seas and an outlet for German trade through Belgium could assure permanent peace, says Herr Dernburg in a letter which was read here in lieu of a speech which he was prevented from making on account of the illness of his wife.

Herr Dernburg declared that the only alternative to the foregoing was a Chinese wall around each nation.

The Kaiser was seeking no acquisition of land, but German industries must have a wider scope. Belgium had been taken with sacrifice of blood, and could not be given up while England dominated its policies.—Reuter.

100 KILLED IN BATTLE ON ITALIAN FRONTIER.

Austrian Raiders Repulsed by Bersaglieri and Chased Back Into Their Own Land.

PARIS, April 18.—A telegram from Milan to the *Figaro* says that grave incidents have taken place during the past few days on the Italo-Austrian frontier.

The Austrians attacked the Italian Bersaglieri of the 11th Regiment, who repulsed their assailants and penetrated into Austrian territory to a distance of 200 yards. There were about 100 killed on both sides. The colonel commanding the regiment has been summoned to Rome by wire to furnish details of the affair to his Government.

This mission is being kept as rigorously secret as possible, but nevertheless the news of the incident has begun to circulate in political and journalistic circles and is creating a profound impression.—Exchange.

ITALY CLEARING OUT SPIES.

PARIS, April 18.—The Rome correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* says that progress is being made in the serious work of clearing Italy of the numerous German and Austrian spies who infest the kingdom.

The zeal displayed by the police and the rapidity and simultaneity of certain of their operations are highly significant.

At Pesaro a young pupil of the Rossini Conservatoire named Mile. Ferluga, of Croatian nationality, was arrested for conducting correspondence with numerous Austrian subjects scattered about all over Italy.

The papers seized at her house are very compromising, and have revealed the existence of a vast spy organisation in the interests of the dual monarchy.—Exchange Special.

WAR INEVITABLE.

PARIS, April 18.—A message from Geneva to the *Echo de Paris* says that according to travellers from Austria important movements are taking place in the Trentino, and the general view in Austria is that war with Italy is inevitable and imminent.

Unusual activity prevails at the Italian Embassy in Vienna, sealed parcels being dispatched daily to Italy.—Exchange.

"IF BIG WILLIE SAW?"

PARIS, April 18.—The *Matin* reports that the German Government has just distributed among its soldiers at the front the following curious appeal:—

"When sin and impurity tempt you, restrain yourself and be strong. Think of the curse of impurity. That very curse was a contributory cause to the fall of Metz in 1870, and later to that of Port Arthur. Always at these moments of weakness think, 'What if my Emperor saw me?'"—Exchange Special.

600,000 HOURS LOST.

More than 600,000 hours, which might have been profitably used in the building of warships, were missed by the shipbuilding workers of the country during the month of March.

Such is the startling indictment brought by the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation in reply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's request for figures to prove their assertion that much time was being wasted by the men through drink.

The following summarises the information which has been handed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

Four weeks' working hours during March recorded by forty-eight representative firms, of whom

Fifteen are in the Clyde district.
Twenty-seven on the North-East Coast.
Six at Birkenhead, Barrow or Hull.

The figures refer to the whole of the ironworkers employed by these firms.

G. 32 H

DEATHLESS STORY OF BRITISH HEROES.

Troops That Scorned Inferno of Shot and Shell at Capture of Neuve Chapelle.

HOW VILLAGE WAS TAKEN.

A thrilling account of the victory at Neuve Chapelle reached London yesterday, and is given below. It is the first full and independent narrative of the battle to reach this country.

It tells in vivid words of the heroism of the thousands who fought and died, and, by their fighting and dying, showed that the German machine is not invincible.

The dawn which broke through a veil of clouds on the morning of Wednesday, March 10, says the writer, seemed as any other to the Germans behind the white and blue sandbags in their lone line of trenches about the battered village of Neuve Chapelle.

The onslaught was to be a surprise. The Germans were to be battered with artillery, then rushed before they recovered their wits.

A few hours before dawn everything was ready for opening on the stroke of 7.30, the most formidable concentration of fire from guns of all calibres that the present war had yet seen.

UNCONSCIOUS FOE.

Behind their sandbags the Germans kept watch, unconscious of the inferno about to break loose on them.

Every man of those waiting thousands knew that when the guns had had their say for five and thirty minutes he would be out in the open making for the blue and white line in front of him.

Then hell broke loose. With a mighty, hideous, screaming burst of noise hundreds of guns spoke.

At the end of thirty-five minutes the shells began to burst further ahead, for the gunners were "lifting" on to the village of Neuve Chapelle, so as to leave the road open for our infantry to rush in.

At the sound of the whistle (for the bugle is now banished from the fray) our men scrambled out of the trenches and hurried, higgledy-piggledy, into the open.

The guns had done their work well. The trenches were blown to irreconcilable pits dotted with dead. The barbed wire had been cut like so much twine.

The Lincolns and the Berkshires were off the mark first, with orders to sally to right and left respectively as soon as they had captured the first line of trenches, to let the Royal Irish Rifles and the Rifle Brigade through to the village.

The Germans left alive in the trenches, half-demented with fright, surrounded by a welter of dead and dying men, mostly surrendered.

FIRST IN VILLAGE.

It was indeed a scene of desolation into which the Rifle Brigade—the first regiment to enter the village, I believe—were hurried.

It is now half-past eight. Neuve Chapelle is ours, but the German resistance is not broken.

Whistles blow, the men leave their trenches. Instantly they are withered by a fearful blast of fire. The German trench is untouched. So is the barbed wire.

The Garhwals never waver. All the officers of the leading companies are killed, right ahead of their men.

The battalion staggers under the blast of fire, loses its direction, swings to the right and captures, after fierce fighting with bayonet and knife, a section of trench there, only to be cut off by the Germans in the trench above.

Now the Leicesters are going to effect a junction with the marooned Garhwals.

As the Germans are driven out into the open they are shot or bayoneted or slashed with the kukri. The captain lays out five Germans with his revolver.

The day is wearing on. The attack has dragged badly at this point in the line. The Seaforths with kills flying are ordered to execute a flank attack on the German trench.

From the front the 3rd London Regiment, a Territorial battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, delivers a splendid charge.

The men come tearing across the pitted fields strewn with dead, bayonets well down, cheering as they go. They drop men as they plunge along.

The Regulars cheer them as they swing past, and they carry in their stride the last German stronghold, and the gap is closed.

HACKING AT BARBED WIRE.

On getting out of their trenches the Middlesex were a little crowded. As they pressed forward to the attack they were suddenly swept by a diabolical fire from two machine guns posted at either end of the German trench so as to cover with their converging fire a patch of about 200 yards front. In this zone no man could live.

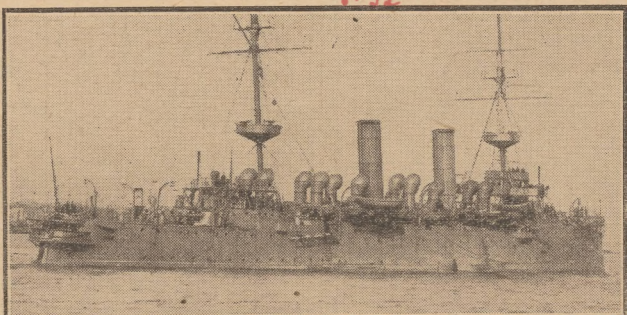
But the Middlesex did not stop. They got as far as the wire.

They hacked at it, tore at it till their hands were raw and bleeding and their uniforms rent to tatters.

Their colonel managed to get a message back to our guns to turn their fire again on the German trench in front, and presently our guns opened fire and destroyed the wire.

The Middlesex were now able to get on to their objective, a large orchard north-east of the village, where serious resistance had been anticipated.

By 1.30 in the afternoon village and environs were in our hands.



The British cruiser Minerva, which chased and destroyed a Turkish torpedo-boat after it had attacked the troopship Manitou in the Egean.—(Cribb.)

B.B. EVANS & COY.

142 to 162, HIGH ROAD, KILBURN, N.W.

D 1.—SMART COSTUME in Navy and Black Saxe, with Modest Collar of Striped Silk, in sizes 7, 8, S.W., W. and O.S. (Postage 6d. extra). Price **25/-**

We return your money willingly if dissatisfied.

B 2.—Smart wide STRIPE VOILE BLOUSE, as sketch, with high Military Collar and Vest of White Oranah Muslin. Colours are White and Navy, and Pink and White and Sky. Special Value **2/-** (Postage 3d. extra).

R 4.—Astounding Value. Wonderful Bargain, OSTRICH FEATHER RUCHE, 34in. long, in perfect shades of Saxe, Purple, Sky, Old Rose, Navy, Brown, Shell Pink, Sham, Black, White, Grey, Black and White, Dark Saxe and Nigger. Complete trimming for hat. Special Price **2/-** (Postage 3d. extra).



M 7.—SENSATIONAL BARGAIN. OSTRICH FEATHER MOUNT in Black, White, Black and White, and all colours to match feather ruche. Special Price **1/-** this Week... Box and Postage 3d. ex.

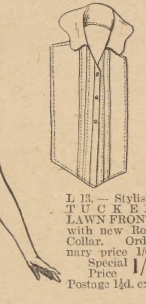


H 8.—SMART READY-TO-WEAR HAT in soft bright finished Silk. The new Tricorn shape, in Nigger, Navy, Purple, Saxe and Black. Special Price **4/-** Box & Postage 4d. extra.

H 9.—THE NEW BOWLER SHAPE HAT, in good quality White Beaver, bound and trimmed with rich Silk Braid. Exceptionally Smart. Special Price **5/6** Box & Postage 4d. extra.

H 5.—CHARMING SAILOR HAT in soft White Felt, trimmed with corded band. White trimmed Black, White trimmed Navy and all White for this Week... Special Price **2/10** Box and Postage 4d. ex.

H 6.—An absolute Bargain. SMART AND USEFUL POCKET HAT in soft White Felt, for all sports and country wear. Reliable and adaptable to any shape. Special Price for this Week... **2/10** Box and Postage 4d. ex.



L 13.—Stylish TUCKED LAWN FRONT with new Roll Collar. Ordinary price 1/6. Special Price **1/-** Postage 14d. ex.



D 10.—WHITE PIQUE SKIRT with long basque. Trimmed glass buttons. 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. long. Price **3/9** Postage 3d. extra.

D 15.—STRIPE CAMBRIC ROBE, trimmed White Pique in Sky, Saxe, Navy, Mauve, Pink, Biscuit Grey and Black stripes. In sizes 34, 38, 40 and 42 ins. Price **4/9** Postage 4d. extra.

B 3.—Heavyweight JAP SILK SHIRT with high Military Collar, the front fastening with large crocheted button. In sizes 13 1/2, 14, 14 1/2. Special Price **5/-** (Postage 3d. extra).

D 14.—Special Purchase. 100 doz. GIRLS AMERICAN DRESSES. Fancy check and striped Zeppers and printed Voiles. Length 20in. and every inch to 36in. Worth 3/11. Price **2/6** Postage 3d. extra.



W 8.—Remarkable Offer. GENTLEMEN'S KEY-LESS WATCH, genuine timekeeper. Special Price **2/6** Postage 14d. extra.

U 11.—The New Style. LADIES' RIBBED COMBINATIONS with fancy top and V shape neck. Usual price 3/11. Special Price **3/6** Postage 2d. extra.

S 12.—Special Line. SMART SILK ANKLE HOSE in all colours. Special 1/6 Price, per pair 1/6 Postage 14d. extra.

G 10.—W.E. ELASTINE-REDUSO, STRETCH. Specialty for Stout Figures. "one to five inches" easily and naturally. "ELASTINE" gorges provide extra freedom of movement. Sizes: 22 to 36in. ... **12/11**

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BON MARCHÉ, LTD.,
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TO-DAY and Throughout This Week
CORSET DEMONSTRATIONS

are being conducted in our Showrooms of the world-famed

Ladies
Cordially
Invited.



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Importunity
to Buy.

FIGURE-REDUCING CORSETS

WITH SELF-ADJUSTING BAND.

The most perfect Corset ever invented for medium and full figures.

Write for Booklet. **EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.**

Other Models up to 27/6.

No. 223. **10/6**



2/- or TWO for 3/6
Sent on approval. EACH 18in. long. Worth 7/6.

Money returned if not delighted.



The 'REGENT.'

REAL OSTRICH FEATHER RUCHE TRIMMING

to go right round Crown or Trim of Hat. 30in. LONG. Colours in stock—Black, White, Saxe, Purple, Navy, and Newest Spring Shades. Post free. Money returned if not delighted. **2/6** Worth more than Cable. Sent on approval.

IMPORTANT—Note address carefully (Opposite Selfridge's)

THE LONDON OSTRICH FEATHER CO.,
(Opposite Selfridge's.) 53, DUKE ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. Phone 4094

Arding & Hobbs LIMITED

Extraordinary values for all, especially for Postal Buyers.

Money returned if you are not QUITE pleased



Just Silk Sallott trim med plated ribbon and shaded rose to finish, in Black, Navy, Nigger, Tuscany and White. Price **9/11** Box & post 6d. ex.



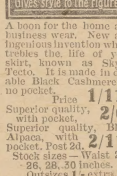
White Pique shirt Blouse. Good quality cloth. As usually sold 3/11. Price **1/11** Postage 2d. ex.



Call if you can. If not. Shop by Post.



THE NEW APRON
Takes the life of the skirt. Gives style to the figure.



Heavy weight Every Day Silk Blouse, as sketch. Sizes: 12, 14, 16. As usually sold 6/11. Price **4/11** Postage 2d. extra.

The new Ravel-stocking. This is quite a new article, being composed of pure silk and artificial silk interwoven, giving the appearance of pure silk. Equal in appearance to a 2/4 silk stocking, but wears longer. Black only. Extraordinary Value **1/11** Postage 1d.

A boon for the home and business wear. New and ingenious invention which enables the life of your skirt, known as Skirt-Tecto. It is made in durable Black Cashmerette, no pocket. Price **1/11** Superior quality, with pocket. Price **2/6** Superior quality. Black Alpaca, with pocket. Post 2d. **2/11** Stock sizes—Waist 24, 26, 28, 30 inches. Outsize 1 extra.

ARDING & HOBBS, Ltd.,
Clapham Junction, S.W.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1915.

IF YOU WERE A GERMAN...

IF YOU WANT to outwit an enemy, perhaps there is no better plan than to put yourself in that enemy's place, so far as you are able to make such an effort of imagination; for only thus can you set up a working hypothesis of his probable plans—only by trying to conceive what *your* plans would be, situated as he is, under similar circumstances. It is from this point of view that we now ask you, reader, to grow, if you will, stouter in bulk and more arrogant in mind, and, with another tradition and new thoughts behind you, to picture yourself as a German for a moment. Thus you shall grow like, in order to defeat, and understand, in order to foresee. That will be better than despising all Germans as a matter of course, and in consequence counting them as beaten.

There you are, then, fully equipped, on the far side of the Rhine, in a country scattered with swaggering monuments, boasting of crushing victories within the memory of your parents. There you are, well-instructed, fully drilled, and inspired by years of pragmatic education, with a belief that whatever "we Germans" do is right, and that "we Germans" never fail in doing it. We are the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen. "We are the salt of the earth," and the salt has by no means lost its savour because it has been used to season one department of human activity, with intense effort, for years; in plainer words, our German genius has been diverted from many minor currents to a main-current, the forging of a German sword, like the legendary one hammered by German gods in German operas. The sword has its biggest task before it. Now, as a German, as a Superman, you point to what it has done already.

It has hacked a big piece out of France and held it. A whole country—Belgium—it has hewn in pieces. A huge country—Russia—it has held back or partially invaded. A large fleet is ready for further developments. A gigantic system of defence is prepared in case.

In case what?

In case "we" are beaten? No; no such supposition as yet invades a German brain, below the staff officer's. In case the Fatherland's foes prove, in their malignancy, so numerous as to necessitate the closing of the iron doors across the Fatherland's safety—against which doors the Allies may hammer themselves in vain for ever. As a German, you may have heard vague talk about the Allies "breaking through." Through what and where? See them in the Dardanelles—deadstop, to you, a German, as definitive as the Antwerp collapse. Here and there in France?—rushes very costly leading to nothing. The Balkans? Mainly on the German side.

And even the Allies' dispatches admit that their victories are disguised failures—experimental flutters, involving a greater loss than they are worth. And should these Allies break through, they merely come upon the huge defences which years of preparation, accelerated during eight months of fighting, have enabled our respected Kaiser and his invincible officers to prepare. Of course, the war lasts a bit longer than we thought it would. What of that? An error of dates! Fancy giving in *now*, after all that the Fatherland has sacrificed.

Consider, after that, reader, what truth there is in rumours of a sudden termination of the war. Consider and despise the rubbish that is talked of a breakdown in German will-power, in German morale, and in the fixed conviction amongst Germans that, after many sacrifices, Germany will win in the end. Consider it, and, becoming British again, labour all you can for the struggle now perhaps only beginning.

W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

GOOD TEA.

YOUR correspondents are most emphatic over three essentials—i.e., that the tea should be good, the pot hot, the water boiling. But there is still overlooked one great essential, the water must be freshly boiling.

Tea is most often made, as far as my experience goes, with water from a kettle which has stood on a kitchen stove merrily boiling away for an hour or more. The result is "flat" tea, a most objectionable and depressing instead of invigorating drink.

M. J. M.

"HATE ENGLAND."

THE MUCH-TALKED-OF hatred of England, with which Germany seems to be infested, can

hear too much of our ability to break through the German lines anywhere and at any moment, but when it is attempted, as at Neuve Chapelle, what do we find?

Avoidable delays in bringing up reinforcements, firing on our own men, fearful loss of life (even compared with the calculated German losses) and the fact that the Germans took more prisoners than the British.

This sums up the "victory" of Neuve Chapelle.

The taking of the village is reported to have occupied about three and a half hours of the first day. Yet we read that the offensive was continued for the next two days, with apparently no result. Why not be perfectly frank about the matter, and admit that we have a hard nut to crack in getting through the German lines? It is ridiculous to boast one day of our

HOME LIFE.

How It Will Be Affected by the Biggest War in British History.

FEWER QUARRELS.

THERE will be fewer quarrels in the home. Let me give that as a cheering effect of the great war.

Surely this trouble has brought us nearer together, as all suffering does. There will be greater affection amongst members of one family after this.

Montagu-street, W.

COUNTRY AND CITY HOMES.

HAVING had a good many letters from the front since the war began, I think I may generalise so far as to say that home-ickness is felt in its most acute form mainly by those brave fellows who have homes in the country.

The famous song speaks of "Piccadilly" and "Leicester-square." But in moments of peril it is not those places that the men think of, but their homes far from the noise of town—the green English landscape and the fields. I am certain that the sense of home is weakened in all city dwellers. RUSKINS.

Near Hythe.

OUR MODERN EVENINGS
I DO NOT think even this war will induce English people to return to the old-fashioned ways of spending an evening at home.

The modern generation has been spoilt with pleasure and excitement. From the smallest child to the oldest parent all are pleasure-seeking. Stand outside a picture theatre any evening and there you will see hundreds of people waiting to be amused—people often scantily clothed and looking in need of a good meal. They prefer to go out and be entertained to spending an evening quietly at home, as our grandmothers and grandfathers did. The average young man and woman nowadays if they were asked to stay at home every evening would laugh and tell you that the prospect "bored them stiff."

No, I do not think the strain of this war will produce a home-loving effect on English people.

In the midst of the most terrible war ever known, the theatres, music-halls and picture palaces are packed every night, and at the restaurants there is scarcely a table to be had without booking it beforehand. Personally, I am glad to see it. It is keeping England cheerful. But, in the face of this, I do not think we could be content to "watch our father snore" and "mother knit." D.

YOUNG MEN AND THEIR MOTHERS.

I AGREE with "H. C. E." There are few young men of to-day who, once married, want their mothers to live with them. I suppose this is only natural, since we must realise that each marriage means leaving behind a generation and the beginning of a new one.

Another reason for the breaking up of a household, as the daughter grows up, as well as the son, as soon as they leave school take up a particular profession and "start on their own," preferring to "share digs with a girl pal" to staying at home on a small allowance and waiting until a man chooses that their parents is picked out for them to marry. SPECTATOR.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity.—Addison.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

The night is mother of the day.
The winter of the spring;

And ever, upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Hath left His Hope with all.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

SPRING PRODUCTS OF THE GREAT WAR YEAR.



Considering the immense military obsession all over the world, it seems a little strange that even the young spring creatures, plants or animals, do not come up differently in 1915, with a distinctive military look about them.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

only be explained in one way. It is the silly sort of hatred a hysterical woman has for a friend whom she has lost through her own foolishness, and for whom, in spite of all, she still cares.

She is well aware that she has lost her chance, and, rather than give in and repent, she does the only thing left her to do—she tries by the strength of her spite to convince herself that she has been wronged.

A GERMAN ADMIRER OF BRITAIN.

OPTIMISM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

STRANGE though it may seem, optimism is often an evil in war time, for it causes one to under-estimate the enemy.

Far better to take a graver view, and even over-estimate the strength of the foe, if absolute preparedness and an early ending to hostilities are desired.

OPTIMISM.

"W. M." is right in emphasising the fact of "Eye-Witnesses'" too optimistic reports. We

power to do this, when the next day's dispatch admits the terrible price we are paying to break even only a small portion of the enemy's line.

Surely, too, the best way to stir up the "slackers" we hear so much about, and to stop the strikes of men employed in Government work, is to publish the true facts of the case, and not try to hide our losses under cover of "fearful German casualties." PUBLICITY.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 18.—The coronilla family gives us some interesting shrubs and plants for the garden. Emerus (scorpion senna) is an elegant bush about six feet high having graceful foliage and yellow flowers, which appear early in the summer.

It is a hardy shrub, but may be set against a south wall in cold districts.

Coronilla varia deserves a place because of its masses of rosy pink blossoms; placed in a sunny bed it increases rapidly. Iberica and minima are pretty for the rock garden.

E. F. T.

MARINES LANDED AFTER DESTRUCTION OF FORTS

9. 1411 A



British marines landed in the Dardanelles to hold the forts which had been destroyed by the Allied Fleet. A local guide is leading a donkey laden with supplies.

NEW SERJEANT-AT-ARMS.

P. 409 9.



Admiral Sir Colin Keppel, who has been appointed Serjeant-at-Arms in room of Sir David Erskine; resigned.

P. 6103 T.



Mile. Lipkovska, the Russian prima donna, who is singing folk-songs to the soldiers in the trenches.

P. 14225



Corporal Stevens, who became deaf and dumb after a shell burst near him. He recovered both faculties at a concert.

"TOMMY" THROWS AWAY HIS OLD BOOTS.

9. 331 J



Old boots discarded by our "Tommy's." Thousands of pairs are required weekly in order that our men may be well shod, and every factory in the country is working at the highest pressure.

PONTOON FOR THE FRONT.

9. 331



Pontoon for the front. It does not take long to convert it into a floating bridge over which all but the heaviest guns can pass.

WARSHIP HIT

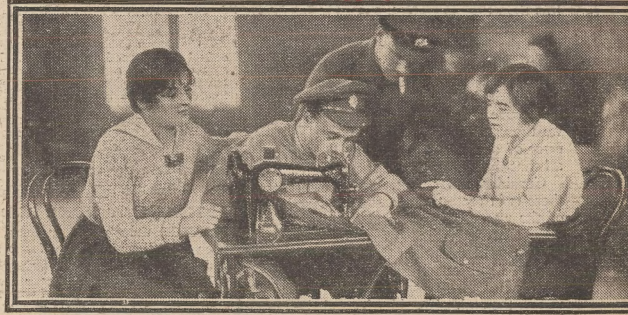
9. 711 B



This British warship was hit by a shell while in the deck, and the picture shows the damage. The grammars state that our

THE BRITISH "TOMMY" OFF DUTY IN

9. 331 J



He works the sewing machine himself to mend a tear in his service jacket. With the help of the two French girls who directed operations, he was able to make a very good job of it.

ARKISH SHELL.



the forts in the Dardanelles. A hole was not serious, being repaired. Latest tele- again active.

HE: HE TEACHES AND IS TAUGHT.



times he turns schoolmaster and, standing before the blackboard, teaches Eng- to the little French boys and girls. The youngsters all declare that it is their favourite lesson.

FIRST LORD WATCHES AIRCRAFT WITH EXPERT EYE



Mr. Winston Churchill visited Hendon on Saturday, when he inspected a number of service aeroplanes. In the picture he is seen with naval officers watching one of the flights.



Interested in a heavy biplane. The First Lord has often flown, and has, it is believed, acted as pilot on more than one occasion.

BOTHA IN COMMAND.



General Botha (seated) and members of his staff on the German South-West African veldt. He is invading the enemy's territory.

FROITZHEIM A PRISONER.



Froitzheim, the well-known lawn tennis player, who is one of the prisoner officers at Donnington Hall.



Miss Cissie Williams, who has been appointed manager of the Empire, Camberwell. She is a talented actress.



David Derkler, who came all the way from the Argentine to enlist in the Scots Guards. He fought against us in the South African War.



Carriage paid
on all goods
to the value of
10/- and over.

No. 11 MR.—Ivory Japanese Silk
Shirt of smart cut. Quatre' col-
lar and revers. Sizes 13
to 14½. Special Price 5/11

No. 10 MR.—Smart
Blouse, in White Self
Striped Voile, with be-
coming shoulder and new
collar, trimmed fitting.
Sizes 13 to 14½. Special Price 3/11½



No. 13 MR.—Practical School
Coat in Navy Serge, finished
belt and buttons tailor made.
Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34,
36, 38, 40. Special Price 12/11
(Up 15) Useful "Straw" Hat,
trimmed Silk Ribbon... 4/6

No. 12 MR.—Smart Navy
School Frock, in fine Coating
Serge, fastens front, smartly
trimmed shoulder or Saxo
Poplin collar, belted. Head
Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34,
36, 38, 40. Special Price 9/11
(Up 16)



No. 14 MR.—Very smart Suit
perfectly tailored, in fine Gr-
bead Cloth. Colours: Light
& Dark Sage, Beaufort, Light &
Dark Brown, Cerise, Grey,
Moss, Purple, and Navy.
28½. Price 29/6



Our depart-
ment dealing
with Post
Orders en-
sures your
satisfaction
just as if
you made
your selec-
tion in
person.

No. 15 MR.—Smart Afternoon
Robes, made in rich Black Silk
Faithe, new full Skirt, waist
trimmed pretty Chinese Silk,
and military collar. Well cut
and finished. Special Price 25/9

No. 16 MR.—Charming Silk
Robes, in heavy Faints front
and collar finished with Ivory
Lace, full Skirt. In Black
only. Special Price 25/9

No. 17 MR.—Smart full-
cut Cassock Coat, in
fashionable Covert Cloth,
with deep belt all round,
fastening with one bone
button to match. Price 18/11



No. 19 MR.—A refined
Model in Panama Scarf
of exceptional quality,
trimmed, corded, ribbon
band and bow, in all the
newest colours. Special Price 9/11



No. 18 MR.—Smart
Sailor Hat in Bowen
Stout, with an under-
lining of gold band and
bow of the corded ribbon
to fasten with under-
lining. Can be had in all newest
colours. Special Price 7/11



No. 20 MR.—Fashion-
able Black Lace Coat
trimmed white Glace
Silk Waist Band,
Model Coat. Newest
model. Special Price 12/9



No. 21 MR.—Fash-
ionable Lace Cami-
sole (as illustration),
trimmed fine edging,
finished tongue. Spec-
ial Price 2/-
Up-to-date Model in
"Waterproof" Undershirt with
10in. Accordion fall at foot.
Correct style for present mode.
2 yards top of blouse. Colours:
Black, Grey, Brown, Sage, 5/9
Navy, Purple. Special Price 4/-
Similar design in Alpaca. Price 2/-

DRESS MATERIALS.

Showproof Covert Coating in Fawn and
Grey shades, 6in. wide. Usual price 4/11
6/11. Special Price 4/11

Fancy Printed Voiles. Navy and Black
Grounds with White and Coloured Flowers.
27in. wide. Usual price 12/11
Special Price 9/3d.

Pure Mohair Alpaca in shades of Grey, Black,
Navy, Brown, Cream, Royal, Sage and Fawn,
42in. wide. Usual price 2/6.
Special Price 1/6½

Satin Finished wool Amure with faint Self
Stripes. All newest shades. 44ins. wide,
Usual price 2/11½. Special Price 1/11½

Mohair and Wool Poplin, heavy quality, in
Navy and Black only. 55in. wide. 4/11
Usual price 6/11. Special Price 3/11½

Black Taffeta Chiffon, 39 ins. wide, bright
quality, reliable as Silk. Special Price 3/11½

ART NEEDLEWORK.

We have an unusually large range of
Silks, Wools, Fat ems, and all materials
for Embroidery and Needlework generally
at competitive prices.

Inspection is invited.

Price List on Application.

SILKS AND COTTONS

Shot Poplin de Chine, 36in. wide. 1/11½
Usual price 2/11½. Special Price 1/2

Heavy quality White Japanese Silk, 27in.
wide. Usual price 1/4½. Special Price 1/2

Black Duchesse Mousseline-Satin, 36in.
wide. Usual price 2/11½. Special Price 2/-

Fancy Printed Voiles, light and dark ground
with coloured flowers, 27in. wide.
Usual price 9/11. Special Price 6/3d.

Egyptian Cotton Crepe, finest quality, in
Navy, Old Rose, Sage, Pink, Brown, Grey and
White, 40in. wide. Usual price 1/4½. Special Price 9/3d.



No. 24 MR.—Smart French
Black Moire Bag, gilt frame with inside
division fully fitted
with two bottles,
Mirror and Moire
Purse to match.
Price Complete 4/-
Also a quantity of
the same Bag unfitted
with inside frame
lined White Kid, Size
6½ by 7½ins. Price 4/-



No. 25 MR.—Fine Hem-
stitched Muslin Cushion
Cases, with "Flair" in-
sertion. Size 20 x 20 (as
illustrated). Price 1/11½
22 x 22 2/6, 24 x 24 2/11½

No. 26 MR.—Very
Handsome French
Bag, made of the
very best Antique
Moire Silk, with
frames, Filigree top,
and mirror inside;
also a quantity in
real Tan Suede, with
Tartan Silk Bottom,
lined silk with side
pocket. Length of
Bag 10ins. Width
pocket 25 to 35 fra
All One Price 10/-



Remarkable Purchase of Ladies' Shoes



5/11

No. 26 MR.—
Glace Kid, one
for shoe.
Cuban heel, in
all sizes and
half-sizes. Usual 8/11.
Special Price 5/11



7/11

No. 27 MR.—
Ladies' Fine
Glace Kid But-
ton shoes.
Black Suede
Top, perfect fitting. In all sizes and
half sizes. Usual 10/9.
Special Price 7/11

No. 29 MR.—"Fernleaf" Damask
clothes. This old-fashioned English make
of Heavy Double Damask, at prices that
have never been attempted. Every thread
guaranteed quite pure Linen.
12 Cloths. 72 x 72in. Usual Price 3/6
36 " 72 x 90 " 15/11 12/11
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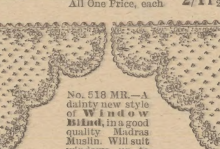
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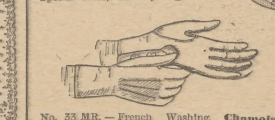
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RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

"A laggard in love and a laggard in war. What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps because of an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is enamoured of—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an allowance with £20.00 a week to marry him. After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions.

Whilst waiting to have the matter out with Montague in the latrine rooms he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. The man thinks that he has put in for active service.

A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxi. The man turns his head and looks at Sonia—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight away in the trenches, but not badly.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she burns the truth. It is brought home more and more to Sonia how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling at a nurse—Nurse Anderson—and as the train moves out she faints.

Whilst fighting for his life in a perfect inferno, Chatterton hears the stunning news that Sonia is married to Montague. He tries to make the whole thing from him. In a terrific struggle, in which chaperon is falling like rain, he sees a wounded officer trying to crawl to safety. It is Richard Chatterton is out of the trench and racing to him.

In the face of incredible difficulties he rescues him. Then he deliberately goes out again and brings in Carter, his old valet. He just reaches the trench when he is wounded.

Montague is injured, but Sonia and Richard Chatterton, realising that she cannot possibly marry him, runs away. She has barely gone when Jardine bursts in with the great news that Chatterton is alive, after all!

Old Jardine has a stormy scene with Montague when the latter accuses Sonia of being ungrateful. He is more staggered when he hears that Chatterton is not dead.

At Victoria Station, where Sonia has vaguely gone, she runs into Nurse Anderson, and also hears the wonderful news that Richard is alive. But the heart is taken out of her joy by the astounding fact that the pretty nurse is wearing Richard's ring.

Sonia finds sanctuary in the lodging-house of a former old servant, Mrs. Simpson. She tells Sonia that her husband works for Mr. Montague!

THE BED OF THORNS.

A SUDDEN grief or shock affects people differently; and talks of the "softening influence of grief"; but with Francis Montague it seemed to bring out all that was worst and weakest in his character.

The first mad rage and blind fury that had seized him did not fade or die away; on the contrary, it seemed to increase with each hour that separated him from Sonia.

For some extraordinary reason he blamed Lady Merriam and old Jardine for the girl's disappearance, but never Sonia herself. He was sure that she had been influenced against him, and advised to take this step; he believed that they both knew where she was, but would not tell him.

The mad, fruitless rush off to Burville through the rain and darkness had but served to heighten the belief. When, following his breakneck return through the muddy country lanes, he called on Lady Merriam, he was nearly beside himself with rage.

Lady Merriam had given orders that she was not at home if Mr. Montague called; but there was a fresh note pinned to the door, and Montague was shown up to her private sitting-room at once.

Lady Merriam was writing letters; a whole pile of them stood at her elbow, stamped and addressed. Between them, she and old Jardine

had manufactured a plausible story for interested friends and relatives, and she was resignedly doing her duty now by sending them out. Which she saw Montague she dropped her pen agitatedly and rose to her feet.

"I gave orders that I was not at home to you," she said.

In spite of her plumpness, Lady Merriam could be very naughty at times; and, against his will, Montague was slightly impressed. For the moment he forgot to sneer.

"I must apologise for the intrusion, then," was all he said. "If you will give me Sonia's address I will go immediately."

"I've no more idea what it is than you have," her ladyship retorted, with energy. "I wish to goodness I did; it's a nice responsibility for me to know that a young, innocent girl is running wild in London with this dreadful war raging."

"The war isn't raging in London," said Montague, rudely. "And, if it were... he broke off with sudden fury. 'It's that old fool Jardine who is responsible for all this—' he raved; he was white to the lips. 'I'll make him pay for it—interfering old numbskull...'"

Lady Merriam drew herself up.

"France! I'll forget yourself," she said, icily.

"Mr. Jardine is a great friend of mine..."

Montague sneered.

"I am sorry I cannot honestly congratulate you," he said.

Lady Merriam crossed to the fireplace; she placed an agitated finger on the bell and kept it there till a servant appeared; then she indicated Montague.

"Please show this... gentleman—out," she said.

Montague departed with as good a grace as he could; he knew he had made an enemy for life of Lady Merriam, but he was past caring. There was nobody in the world then but Sonia; he cursed himself for a fool for not having taken her when the chance had been his.

From the hotel he went straight to old Jardine's, but Jardine was out. His housekeeper hesitated when Montague asked where he had gone and when she expected him to return; finally she said, with a little spurt of pride, that Mr. Jardine had gone to France.

Montague almost shouted the word, "What in the name of goodness..."

The woman smiled.

"I think he's gone to see Mr. Chatterton, sir; the gentleman that won the Victoria Cross, sir."

He was reported dead at first, but I dare say you know more about it than I do, sir..."

Montague ground his teeth; he turned away without another word. More tomfool hero-worship! Apart from Sonia, deep down in his heart he was bitterly jealous of the immortal fame that had come to his one-time friend.

In his jealous imagination he could picture Chatterton, interestingly bandaged, lying in a hospital, surrounded by charming nurses, pampered and worshipped.

Perhaps he would have been a little shocked and a great deal amazed could the veil of discretion be lifted from his mind and he could have seen Richard Chatterton, a suffering unit of humanity in an over-crowded, over-worked base hospital.

A huge bare room, with row upon row of beds, and bare, unlovely walls, hung here and there with maps and illustrated almanacs, indicating that in happier times it had been a school.

Although it was some distance from the firing line, one counts distance nowadays in stricken France the dull boom of the guns could plainly be heard. The heavy report seemed to shake the foundations beneath those narrow beds, and jar the poor tortured bodies afresh.

And yet this was comfort, compared with the rough field hospital to which they had first taken Chatterton—paradise when he recalled in his weary, pain-dumbed brain, the endless journey back from that field of dead and dying; the excruciating suffering every time the ambulance wavered to a road, or a deep rut left by a tank.

Even the blessed mercy of unconsciousness had been denied to him after the first little while, and he had had to lie there, wracked in every limb, parched with insatiable thirst, biting his cracked lips in a vain endeavour to keep back the sheer groans of agony that rent him.

The first-aid men had done their best; they had tried to dress his wounds, and make him as comfortable as lay in their power to do; but there is a limit to the most willing human endeavour.

Chatterton remembered thinking vaguely as he lay to the touch of the hands about his tortured body...

"If they knew this in London—if they knew how short we are of doctors and ambulance men they'd all come... they'd never let us suffer like this."

And yet it had not been his own pain that had prompted the thought so much as that of those others around him, whom he lay and watched half consciously, writhing and dying.

But now at least he had a bed to lie on, and someone to put cooling drink to his fevered lips; someone to sometimes turn his pillow when it seemed to scorch like fire.

A grey-haired woman, whose face seemed set in lines of grim forbearance and self-control by reason of all she had endured was what he saw in those fleeting moments of consciousness when the black fog of stupor lifted from his brain and gave him back the power to think.

She was middle-aged and unbeautiful, and

yet—a fellow's head gets so muddled under the strain of suffering and weakness, that once he thought—she was Sonia—Sonia, whom he had loved years and years ago before they put him on the rack and broke and twisted his body.

He had caught at her hand as she straightened the clothes about his shoulders and called to her softly:—

"Sonia!"

For a moment the grimness of her mouth had wavered and softened a little; for a moment she had let her hand lie in his feeble clasp before she gently withdrew it, and said, in her clear, practical voice:—

"Lie still and try and sleep..."

Sleep! That was what they expected him to do all day long; but it was very absurd—so absurd that once he tried to explain to them that he could not possibly obey unless they took the pain away. But nobody listened, and afterwards he wondered if it had been only in his brain that the explanation had been attempted.

THE WELCOME VISITOR.

SOMETIMES he tried to tell the doctor—a worried-looking young man who talked a lot in professional terms and seemed very interested in his wounds—but it was always the wounds they talked about.

Once his half-waking consciousness was broken by the sound of a woman's voice singing. It sounded a great way off, and yet it felt as if it had been in the next ward, where the men were on the road to convalescence and already turning their faces towards England!

England! What a magic word it was when a man never thought to see it again... and the woman's voice! It was a strange voice to him, and yet it seemed symbolical of everything he had ever loved—everything he had ever wanted. He did not know what song it was that she sang; he had dropped back again into that appalling weak unconsciousness he had so grown to dread almost immediately, but at least it helped him to his dreams—took him gently by the hand and led his feeble steps back to a garden where there were roses and a girl with sweet eyes and a shy smile...

But he could not remember—it all seemed so long ago; even her name he had forgotten.

"Sonia! Sonia!" he murmured, as if he were against his heart... "Sonia!" Ah, that was it! The dear, quaint little name that had drawn him to her the first time he ever heard it...

Sonia, whom he was to marry; they had chosen a new car together, and... but she was already married! She had married his friend—Francis Montague! His friend! His enemy! The man who had stolen her from him; the man who hated—whom... if he could only get to him:...

He struggled to rise, but was forced back by firm hands.

The dream fell away then; he realised that they were dressing his wounds again, pouring more liquid fire and agony into his body—giving him a fresh taste of the hell through which they had already dragged him so many times.

He clenched his jaws to prevent himself groaning; the young doctor glanced up from his work with momentary kindness.

"Had very much?" he asked.

"Like... like..." Chatterton tried to laugh as he spoke, but the attempt broke off into an ugly, jarring groan.

"Presently..." when the appalling weakness came back again, making him feel as if he were floating in air...

"Am I going under, doctor?"

Afterwards he supposed he must have asked the question, but he could not recognise his own breathless voice.

The young man answered cheerily—

"You're doing famously... but you must try yourself; you want a little energy—you must stick to it tooth and nail..."

Try and look forward—try and think of the future... it's not every man who's recommended for the V.C., you know...

It took some time for that to penetrate the cloud of pain and stupor, then—

"The V.C. ... who—who has got the V.C.?"

He tried to be interested, politely interested, but it was such an effort...

"Why, you, of course," the young doctor answered breezily.

"You're Richard Chatterton, aren't you? Yes, I know you are! Well, you've been mentioned in dispatches and gazetted a lieutenant."

(Continued on page 14.)

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Oatine soap, so soft and creamy and cleansing, may be tested free by those who have not done so already. A 3d. tablet is presented gratis to everybody who sends for the dainty green "Oatine Outfit" box, which contains other samples of "Oatine" preparations, such as Oatine Face Cream, which removes dirt from the pores of the skin, which ordinary soaps and other face creams quite fail to do. The Outfit also contains a trial size of Oatine "Snow," Face Powder, Shampoo Powder, etc. The simple effort of sending three penny stamps is all that is involved in the procuring of this welcome outfit. The address to which to send for it is The Oatine Co., 116, Oatine Buildings, London, S.E.—(Adv't.)



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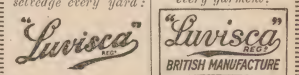
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SHORT SKIRT'S NOTABLE TRIUMPH.

Jaunty Little Coatee Which is All Pockets and Braid Ornaments.

PARIS, Saturday.
My Dear Friend,—I am delighted to be able to assure you that the ultra-full, extra-short skirt has achieved a notable triumph.

It is the very smartest, and prettiest fashion we have ever had in our midst, and it is one which will certainly become universally popular before the roses of summer wear their perfume way into the world of fashion.

Just at first people, dear women who pride themselves on being almost exaggeratedly sensible, talked a great deal about moderation. They said that "the correct thing" would be the round skirt which was just short enough to show the ankles and wide enough to give freedom to the lower limbs.

This is the sort of skirt which looks attractive on paper, but which is not at all the thing that is either specially becoming or fashionable. The skirt of the year is quite, quite short, and it measures at least three yards round the hem. It is always worn in conjunction with high laced boots—the latter being made of the same material as the dress when possible—and it is crowned by a jaunty little coatee which is all pockets and braid ornaments.

PLAID TAFETAS.

I can speak with authority on the subject of the new skirts because I have been making a special study of them. Those which are really short, and accompanied by very high boots are absolutely delightful. Those which are neither long nor short, and accompanied by ordinary walking shoes, run a great risk of looking dowdy.

I am in love with the new plaid tafetas. The big dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix and Place Vendôme are mixing these silks with plain chiffon or crêpe de Chine and obtaining admirable results. For instance, the model I have sketched for your benefit. This is one of those general utility frocks which are a joy to the girl who possesses them, the sort of frock that one might wear at a matinee or a bridge party or a restaurant tea—under a wrap—or at an informal dinner.

The original model was created for a pretty girl, who is playing in "Mam'zelle Boy Scout."

at the Renaissance, and it was composed of Egyptian blue chiffon and plaid tafetas, which showed cross lines of black, white and blue.

The skirt was very full and gathered at the waist, but the seams had been so cleverly shaped that there was, at the waist, only just enough material to give a soft effect. At the hem there was a deep band of tafetas, then plain chiffon, then again tafetas, and so on. The bodice was very quaint—an old-fashioned affair, which was hardly full at all and which just moulded the figure, the long sleeves being made entirely of chiffon lined with flesh-pink tulle. There was a high collar, with revers, of

pleated white muslin, and a sash of black satin which had a bold pattern of black and white checks worked in porcelain beads on the ends.

Lots of the new afternoon dresses have sleeveless bodices which can be worn over different guimpes. This is a splendidly economical fashion, because one can make effective changes without spending much money.

Transparent chiffon sleeves, lined with tulle or mousseline de soie, are all the rage. They make their appearance on morning, afternoon and evening dresses.

As a rule these sleeves are of the bishop order, but some of them are rucked, like a long mousquetaire glove. For wearing with your very best spring suit you really must have a pair of high boots in white kid, with patent toe-caps and black heels.

IMPORTANT BOOTS.

These boots are amazingly smart when worn with black and white checked suits, and there are special pastes sold for cleaning them.

I cannot lay sufficient stress on the fact that boots are a ruin, high-laced boots—are of paramount importance this season, very much more important than the gowns with which they are worn. If your boots are all right you can invest in three yards of double-width material, join it up, run a string in one end and tie it round your waist. If the material is sufficiently supple you will look quite in the swim. Of course, this piece of

information must not be taken literally. All through this spring and summer it will be a case of "high boots and yet no high boots." As a final "tip," let me whisper that tan boots look fascinating with tan cloth skirts, and grey suede boots with the new grey-faced cloth.—Your devoted friend, NADINE.



A spring afternoon frock of blue, black and white plaid tafetas with blue, black and white plaid boots.

DAINTY WRAP COATS.

Garments Whose Look and Price Will Tempt Every Woman.

Wrap coats are particularly attractive this spring. I found a charming selection in the mantle department on the first floor at Messrs. Pontings at Kensington.

A plain wrap coat of firm over-coating felt with the Raglan sleeve and finished with large

patch pockets was priced at only 39s. 6d., and can be procured in various sizes.

Loose sacque coats are very popular with the present fashions, and I saw a charming design in loose Cosack shape arranged with a belt and high military collar, marked at 13s. 11d. as well as such a very moderate price that I am sure it will tempt every woman who is fortunate enough to see it.

Messrs. Pontings are particularly successful in their juvenile department on the third floor, immediately above the mantle department. Here the schoolgirl may find everything her heart desires. In fact, the department provides complete outfits for girls, including millinery and underclothing.

New fashions render it essential that the greatest attention is paid to the fit and style of the corset.

C. B. Essi-Flex corsets are entirely British made and while affording the necessary support are so delightfully supple that no restriction is placed on any movement.

They are so cut that they reduce the size of the hips in keeping with the full skirt, and at the same time are specially hygienic and practical.

These corsets can be obtained of all leading drapers, and Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co. of Oxford-street, W., are now showing a complete range of the various models on hand.

New blouses are a fascinating study. Many of the latest designs are cut much higher to the throat than of yore.

A charming Jap silk shirt of this style, finished with a high military collar, is now being shown at Messrs. B. B. Evans, Kilburn, N.W. This fashionable shape is being sold for the marvellous price of 5s. 1.

Another design well carried out in smart wide striped veils with a kind of sailor collar, and of white Organdi muslin is sold at the remarkable price of 2s.

Messrs. B. B. Evans and Co. are also showing a very smart spring costume in navy and black serge, finished with a Medici collar in striped silk at 25s.

In the millinery department I noticed a smart hat for morning wear of soft white felt, priced for this week at 2s. 10d.

GIRLS! THICKEN AND BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR.

Brings back its gloss, lustre, charm, and gets rid of dandruff.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair, soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 1s. 1yd. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all chemists recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, softness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see the hair come down at first—yes, but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.—(Advt.)

A "Blackhead" Secret.

An instantaneous remedy for blackheads, oily skins and enlarged pores.

Blackheads, oily skins and enlarged pores usually go together, but can be instantly corrected by a unique process. A tablet of stymol, obtained from the chemists, is dropped in a tumbler of hot water, which will then, of course, "fizz" briskly. When the effervescence has subsided the face is bathed with the stymol-charged water and then dried with a towel. The offending blackheads, of their own accord, come right off on the towel, the large oily pores immediately contract and efface themselves naturally. There is no squeezing, forcing or any drastic action. The skin is left uninjured, smooth, soft and cool. A few such treatments should be taken at intervals of three or four days thereafter in order to ensure the permanence of the pleasing result so quickly obtained.—(Advt.)

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PAN YAN the World's best PICKLE

adds distinction to every dish!

It is delicious with Hot and Cold Meats, Fish and Game, Bread and Cheese and Pan Yan is a magnificent lunch or supper. Pan Yan sandwiches and Pan Yan are extraordinarily good, and there isn't a scrap of the cold joint wasted when Pan Yan is in the house. MACONCHIE BROS., Millwall, London

RECIPE TO STOP DANDRUFF.

This Home-made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half-pint of water add:
Bay Rum 1 oz.
Oley Compound a small box.
Glycerine 1/2 oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(Advt.)

NEWS ITEMS.

No More "German" Saws.

DERBY RACING RETURNS.

Charley Hardecastle, of Barnsley, makes his second appearance at N.S.C. to-night in a twenty-round contest with Young Brooks.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT, at 8 (for two weeks only),
Charles Dickens's OLIVER TWIST.
HERBERT TREE. CONSTANCE COLLIER.
Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.
ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME

It is announced from New Zealand, says Reuter, that the Imperial Government has accepted the offer of the New Zealand Government to provide a new force of artillery and infantry in addition to the ordinary reinforce-

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL

NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE.—Hull (h) 51, Wakefield Trinity 3; Widnes (h) 21, St. Helens 0; Broughton Rangers (h) 11, Salford 3; Hunslet (h) 16, Bramley 5; York (h) 18, Keighley 3; Swinton 11, Batley (h) 3.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

An interesting event is taking place at Gillingham Kent, to-night, when the naval men are holding a carnival of Service champions. Johnny Summers will referee, and the principal match will be ten rounds between Seaman

KINGSWAY. To-night, at 8.15, **ADVERTISEMENT.**

etc. Varieties at 8. **MATINEE, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.**
PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.0. Matinees, Mon., Wed., and
 Sat., at 2.30. **GEO. ROBEY**, the Successful Revue
 "HULLO, EVERYBODY," **BILLY MERSON**, **CLARICE**
MAYNE and "THAT," **MAIDIE SCOTT**, **CISSIE LUPINO**

Six Day Sale *at* Peter Robinson's Oxford St

At the same time some Remarkable Bargains will be offered in the following departments:— UNDERCLOTHING SILKS, UMBRELLAS, BLOUSES, FROCKS, PETTICOATS, FURS, HATS, SHOES and CURTAINS. *Examples are given below:—*



600 Soft Felt Sporting Hats at 6/- each

The three useful and becoming shapes illustrated above are representative examples of a special purchase we have just made of 600 Smart Sporting Hats. These three shapes are available in White, Champagne, Pale Pink and Sky. **6/-**



SALE

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Usually 7/11 to 10/11 each -- **5/**

Now **6/-**
150 Chemises and Knickers

hand-made of good Cambric, in pretty French designs. Some trimmed real Val. lace. Usually 8/11 and 10/11 each. **5/**

Sale of Ladies' Pyjamas

Perfect-fitting Cotton Pyjamas (as sketch), in Sky, Pink and Mauve. Turn-down collar. Exceptional value. **6/11**

6/11 Woven Combinations for 3/11

24 dozen "Robin" make-Ladies' Gauze Merino Combinations, V neck, short sleeves; also low neck, ribbed arms; trimmed lace; all sizes. Regular Price 6/11 each, Sale Price **3/11**

All purchases sent carriage free in the United Kingdom.

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OXFORD STREET LONDON



Ease and Refinement

C.B.

Eesi-Flex Corsets

THE C.B. Eesi-Flex Corset appeals most strongly to the well-dressed gentlewoman because it accentuates the lines of youthful poise and beauty, tones down awkward angles and affords a subtle freedom of action. At one and the same time it combines art, style, hygiene and common sense.

Scientific Corset fitting is of the utmost importance to every Gentlewoman and especially is this the case with the average figure when every little detail should be studied in order to obtain the fullest support and comfort, combined with grace, ease and refinement. Every C.B. Eesi-Flex Corset illustrates to perfection those beautiful lines which are only attained by perfect design faithfully carried into execution by the highest class corsetières. The most careful attention is paid to fit and style, no detail being too trivial for consideration—no new features of any worth being omitted, resulting in a Corset that improves the artistic draping of any gown and adds to the charm of the wearer.

Whilst affording the fullest support the C.B. Eesi-Flex Corsets are so delightfully flexible that no restriction is placed upon any movement. They hold the body firmly yet softly, and by reason of their skilful construction, give strength and support to the hips and abdomen in a practical healthy manner.



MODEL A973.

One of the very newest free-hip Models, which gives the sculptured back effect so particularly becoming to all average figures; very low bust, and fitting closely on hips and at back. In exceptionally Fine White Coutil, bound Satin, trimmed Galon, and fitted with four serviceable Hose Supporters.

Price 7/9 per pair



MODEL A974.

A very high-grade smart average Model, cut with the new free hip and broad elastic gussets at back. In Fine White Coutil, daintily scalloped with Ribbon at top, and fitted four reliable Hose Supporters.

Price 8/11 per pair.

MODEL A972.

This superb free-hip design is the work of a High-class Corsetière; it is beautifully constructed with low bust and deep hips. In Fine White or French Grey Coutil, bound Satin and trimmed Galon Embroidery, and completed by four very reliable Rubber Grip Hose Supporters.

Price 5/11 per pair

MODEL A975.

A beautiful free hip Model, which is sure to find universal favour, low in bust and deep on hips. In the finest White French Batiste, trimmed Satin and Lace, and fitted with six dainty Hose Supporters.

Price 10/11 per pair.

MODEL A976.

An ultra-smart prettily boned free-hip Model, with an extremely low bust and long skirt. This type introduces the natural contour to perfection. In dainty Self-White or Sky-Figured French Brocade, trimmed Satin and Galon Embroidery and fitted four dainty Hose Supporters.

Price 13/11 per pair



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The First Photographs of the Riot at Singapore: See Page 1

The Daily Mirror

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GEORGE FORMBY'S LITTLE JOCKEY SON, WHO WEIGHS ONLY THREE STONE 13LB.



On his father's horse.

George Formby, jun., the ten-year-old son of the well-known comedian, is a jockey and turns the scale at 3st. 13lb. He recently had his first ride in public when steering his father's filly Eliza in the Apprentices' Plate at Lingfield. His trainer, Mr.



He requires assistance when getting into the saddle.



He makes jokes like his father.



"Put your head down."

Sholfeld, has only one complaint to make about him. George, like most small boys, has a fondness for sweets and pastry, but such a diet has a tendency to make fat, the jockey's greatest enemy.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

640 SOLDIERS IN CROSS COUNTRY RACE.



The great sporting event of the week-end in the North was the military cross-country race at Tynemouth, in which no fewer than 640 soldiers took part. The picture was taken just after the start.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

WOUNDED v. UNWOUNDED AT FOOTBALL.



The wounded men all wore bandages.



"Heads or tails?" The two captains.



A good kick by one of the wounded.

A team of convalescent wounded soldiers met the 7th Middlesex Regiment in a football match at Barnet on Saturday, and, what is more, won the game! No player was allowed to charge an opponent in any circumstance.